

ONE OF THE LOSERS.

I see her stand in the twilight there,
Her hand and her temple gray;
Her furrowed face it is marked with care,
Brought in her garb and thin with the wear
Of the work of the long, long day.

She turns her face to the distant skies—
It is anxious and drawn with pain—
And slowly she shakes her head and sighs,
Vadly the tears course from her eyes
As she enters her cot again.

Oh, the white road stretches across the plain,
And it's here that she comes each day,
For she has not heard that her boy was slain,
And she does not know that she looks in vain
Through the twilight dim and gray.

MEG'S WILD RIDE.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.

Meg's "wheel" was not one of those fascinating lady's bicycles. She did not spin airily over an asphalt pavement to park or boulevard. Meg's "wheel" weighed several hundred pounds. She rode it out over the Nebraska plains. And, after all, it wasn't Meg's wheel anyhow, for it belonged to the Northern Pacific railroad and was made of iron and painted red, and was a tricycle instead of a bicycle.

Meg lived on a ranch, and the nearest village where the trains sometimes stopped for a moment was called Squaw Creek. Meg owned a sturdy little broncho pony, which she would ride on a swift lunge down the long trail which lay like a white ribbon over the prairie, and at the village she would visit at the "store" where Mr. Smith sold candy and saddles and flannel shirts and lariats and many other things. And then she would rattle her pony's heels, slipping and scrambling down the bluff road to the station, where she would arrive in a cloud of dust and merrily hail the agent, Frank Graham. It was here Meg would ride her tricycle, which was a railroad "wheel" and provided by the company for the agent's use. And though it was heavy Meg's strong arms could make the handlebar fly back and forth while the wheel glided swiftly over the gleaming rails.

Late one afternoon Meg rode to the "store" and found some little excitement over a cattle train that had been ditched about two miles below the station. The accident was caused by spread rails, the men said, and nobody was hurt, but it would delay the express, which was due in two hours. Meg rode down to the scene of the accident where the train men were busy. It was already growing dark and they had built great bonfires to help them to clear up what they could while waiting for the wrecking train. Frank, the agent, had been to the wreck on the tricycle and had raced back to the little station to wire for the wrecking engine and warn the express, as the road wound snake-like along the broad Missouri river in the heavy shadows at the foot of the bluff, and as it was the "flyer" it could hardly be signaled safely. It was quite dark when Meg finally turned her pony's nose toward the station and cantered slowly along to say "how-de-do" to Frank and get the papers he promised her to take home. Also it could not be long till the "flyer" would be due, and Meg loved to see the long, bright train loaded with passengers and flashing its gleam of the great world beyond the plains into her longing eyes for a brief moment.

As her pony's heels thudded lazily along beside the track the station gradually came into view. And then Meg's heart leaped oddly in her breast and her eyes widened. For the station was in total darkness. Meg's quirt came down with a swish on her pony's flank, and Teddy, amazed and indignant, bucked decidedly to express his strong disapproval of such petions. For he and his young mistress understood each other and the quirt was never used except in gentle "love taps." Meg was not western raised for nothing, however, and she retained her place on Teddy's back. Finally his slender legs stretched out and his nimble heels skimmed the sage bush and sharp cactus till the station was reached. Then Meg flung herself from the saddle with a stifled cry, for the agent lay face downward on the dark platform, and the closed doors and black windows of the station, together with the unlighted signal lamps, told a story that froze Meg's blood. She rolled Frank over, but he was unconscious from a blow on the back of the head, evidently given by robbers.

"And the flyer must be due!" cried Meg, in an agony of despair. She knew nothing of the mechanism of the signal lamps and to return to the wreck for help would be hopeless, for they would be too late.

What was to be done?
As Meg moaned aloud Teddy whinnied uneasily in reply. She looked at him hopelessly. The flyer sometimes stopped at a watering tank up the track, but there was a bridge to cross between and Teddy would be useless. Then her eyes fell on the tricycle on the main track, where it had been left when Frank was attacked. It was the only chance and Meg leaped on the machine.

In a moment Teddy and the unconscious agent were alone with the silent station, while down the track the "click-click, click-click" of the railroad wheel grew faster and fainter in the distance. The only hope was to reach the water tank before the express left. Meg's white lips parted with a sob, while her wide eyes strained before her through the blackness for that yellow eye of light that must surely be due.

"Click-click," went the machine. "Waiting!" it seemed to cry, as the girl's hands tightened convulsively

on the handles. The wheels spun over the track with a low roar that again and again, as Meg swung around the curves, seemed the oncoming roar of the express. The frightened girl's mouth seemed filled with ashes, her lips were dry and stiff and the sharp particles of sand that swept up into her face and eyes stung like a storm of needles. Her back ached and pained and sharp knives seemed shooting down her arms and through her numb and stiff hands that now hardly felt the handlebars.

Suddenly the headlight of the express (standing at the tank) loomed in the near distance. Frantically Meg tried to stop her machine, but the best she could do was to retard its progress as it approached the now blinding glare of the light. With a shriek of agony and despair Meg reeled back in a faint. The helpless little hands fell from the bar and one crash swept her into a merciful oblivion.

But Meg was not killed. When she opened her eyes her face and hair were wet where the trainmen had dashed water over her, and many anxious eyes were looking down at her face. She had been in time, after all, though the engine was just about to start from the watering tank as she dashed into it. The bicycle was a wreck, and Meg's left arm was broken and her head cut and her body bruised. But she had saved the train and was a heroine. Sympathetic women from the Pullman coaches and from the tourist cars and weary travelers from the emigrant cars together thanked the white-faced girl lying on the ground in the yellow light of the lanterns. While Meg was convalescing slowly and being mended up generally her little brown-haired mother hovered around her in an ecstasy of thankfulness, and bawny ranchers rode in miles to see "that gal of Stanard's who saved the flyer." Letters arrived from the president and other high officials of the Northern Pacific road, containing beautifully printed pieces of paper bearing very illegibly written signatures and mysterious little holes punched through, and Meg discovered that she was a very important young lady with a bank account.

But, best of all to her, when she was well she went down daily to the "store" and to see Frank Graham, who was convalescing, too, after a very long illness, and she glided swiftly and happily on a "lady's wheel" of latest make.—Chicago Record.

DUG A FELLOW PRISONER'S GRAVE.

Experience of an American Under Lopez in a Cuban Prison.

Colonel B. F. Sawyer, a prominent Southern journalist and at present the chief editorial writer of the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, is one of the oldest and most picturesque characters in the land of Dixie.

When a boy of fifteen or sixteen his fiery spirit led him into our war with Mexico, and the youngster thoroughly enjoyed it all the way through. After returning to his home in Alabama the lad didn't feel like settling down. He was fond of adventure, and the life of a soldier in a strange land suited him exactly.

It was not long before he became interested in the cause of free Cuba, and as one of the periodical insurrections in that country was then in progress he joined the ill-fated expedition of Lopez. The capture and execution of his chief left the boy and his comrades in a bad fix. The few prisoners who were not put to death were chained in couples and placed on the public works.

Sawyer was harshly treated, and it looked as though exposure and hard work would kill him. He managed to send a note to the American consul, but nothing was done for him. One of the Spaniards guarding him was rather clever, and the captive sent his letters through his hands. The half-starved young American awoke one morning to find that the prisoner chained to him was lying dead by his side. The survivor was ordered to bury him, and when the chain binding him to the corpse was rudely broken he dug a grave for his late fellow-sufferer. There was no coffin. The grave was scooped in the sand by Sawyer's tired and trembling hands.

The situation was desperate. Sawyer then wrote a long letter to the British consul, telling his whole story—his youth, his pitiful condition, the neglect of the American consul and many other matters.

The very next day a big Englishman visited the camp. He was very mad and very overbearing in his manner. He talked with the boy prisoner and told him to be of good cheer. How he did it nobody but himself and the Spanish authorities ever knew, but in less than twenty-four hours he secured Sawyer's release and put him on a vessel bound for America.

Sawyer devoted himself for a few years to politics and planting in Alabama, but the first call to arms in the civil war found him ready. At that time he was a prosperous man. He cared nothing for money, and when he organized his company he insisted upon equipping it at his own expense. He paid for uniforms, guns, canteens, knapsacks and everything out of his own pocket.

He was a gallant fighter, and his men were imbued with his fearless spirit. Of course he was promoted. He rose to a colonelcy, and would have gone higher if he had cared for such trifles as rank and title.

The war left very few of his men alive or unscathed. They fought like tigers and nearly all of them were slain in battle.

At the close of the war the colonel faced his new duties and responsibilities and showed that he could work as hard as he could fight.

HE HIRED THE WHOLE CIRCUS.

How an Enterprising Candidate Won Votes From His Rival.

"Times," said Senator Sorghum, reflectively, "ain't anything like they used to be. There's too much formality. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old-fashioned impulse asserts itself is to tie some tape around it and choke it off."

"You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the young man who is learning the politics business.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is that we are getting effete and effete-er. The people ain't governed as they ought to be. A whole lot of folks have noticed it. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy and commonplace agents with check books. Nor did we have to resort to any of the elaborate methods of surreptitious persuasion that I hear about so often and with so much pain."

"How did you manage it?"

"Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence. Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and cast a vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble our ticket had to overcome; for that was the most prejudiced township it was ever my experience to do business in. But I didn't despair. I had a long interview with the circus manager, who combined with a love of his art a very acute business sense. The circus was showing in a vacant lot adjacent to the polls. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there wasn't room in the tent for anybody except his guests. When they began to assemble at the polls I announced that I appreciated the expressions of loyalty and esteem which had proceeded from Elderberry township, and that in my turn I proposed to show the citizens a good time. I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting the wrong piece of paper, and would admit the bearer and his family to the circus. Those who were not entitled to my hospitality could follow the show to some other town and see it next day."

"Did it work?"

"Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh. "Circuses have got so big that nobody could afford to hire one for a whole day. And, anyhow, everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic."

A Cool Burglar.

The religion of the cold bath, so dear to Englishmen, seems to have reached the burglar class. And after a good day's work what is so nice in these sultry days as a bath and a change of clothes? With this sentiment an enlightened chief at Bickley seems to have been thoroughly in accordance. Having entered a house during the absence of the family and servants, the gentleman appears to have set to work to ransack the whole place from top to bottom. Drawers, wardrobes, and cupboards were upset, and the contents strewn about in all directions. The arduous task finished, the burglar evidently thought he was entitled to a bath, so he went to the bathroom and took a most refreshing tub, with no doubt just a dash of warm water to take the chill off, for after exertion a quite cold bath is apt to be harmful. He next proceeded to put on an evening dress-suit, leaving his own in exchange, and after one or two of Beau Brummell's failures in the way of tying a cravat, to judge from the unsuccessful attempts he left lying about the floor, he emerged from the dressing-room and took supper in the dining-room. But, like Napoleon after the treaty of Tilsit, the burglar did not know when to stop and at supper he "did himself too well." The table groined with tasty meats and tempting wines, and at the end of the meal the overfed housebreaker left the scene of his labors with only a cruet-stand.—London Telegraph.

Holland's Possessions.

Holland's best colonial possession is Java, that land of earthquakes and coffee, where live 25,000 such simple people as were seen on the Midway during the World's Fair.

Besides Java, the Dutch rule over part of Borneo and New Guinea, the Moluccas, Sumatra and other islands in the West Indian group. Little Denmark claims Greenland, where the icy mountains grow; Iceland and St. John and St. Thomas islands in the West Indian ocean. Portugal holds the Cape Verde islands, off West Africa, where Cervera's fleet loitered a few weeks before sailing over the Atlantic to destruction, and a few minor islands in African and Asiatic waters. Italy's colonial possessions are insignificant, and so are Russia's (Siberia being a province in the Russian state). The Bey of Tripoli renders homage to the Sultan of Turkey, who also exercises his power in Egypt, though Egypt is nominally an independent state, even if it is occupied by British troops.—New York Tribune.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Cutaway Effect.

The new circular flounce and cutaway effects introduced in capes this season are extremely fascinating, and a revival of this popular and convenient wrap is already heralded. The



CAPE WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE.

model here illustrated is of light-brown cloth, made en costume. The revers are faced with brown velvet, and brown satin is used for the hand-some lining. The upper portion fits smoothly, a single dart taken up on each shoulder regulating the adjustment, and the fronts are cut away from the neck down.

The cape has added length given by the circular flounce that is joined to

bretelles have an interlining of tailor canvas between the lining of white faille and the cloth. The fronts lap in double-breasted style and are closed by diamond-shaped cut steel buttons.

The skirt is seven-gored, in the latest mode, the narrow front gore being outlined with the trimming, an effect which gives height and dignity to the figure. The guimpe effect is a wonderfully attractive and becoming feature of the season's styles and may be plain-tucked or lace-covered. Any of the plain-checked or novelty mixed goods are appropriate for its development, and braid, velvet or ribbon may be used in decoration.

To make the waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material. To make the skirt in the medium size will require five and one-eighth yards of the same width material.

A Skirt Much in Vogue.

One of the most fashionable skirts now in vogue is here illustrated in mixed gray veiling trimmed with ruchings of the material edged with narrow satin ribbon.

The upper portion is of circular shaping fitted at the top by short darts, to the lower edge of which the graduated flounce is joined. The flounce is very deep in back and narrow in front, which gives the admired tablier effect so very generally becoming.

The placket is finished at top of the centre seam in back, the fulness at



WOMAN'S BASQUE AND SEVEN-GORED SKIRT.

its lower edge, and extends on the fronts, where it reverses at the top to form prettily shaped lapels. A piping of the cloth is included in the seam.

The neck is completed with a high flaring collar, faced with velvet, and made in sections to roll over slightly at the top. Rows of machine stitching give an appropriate finish. Some very dressy capes are made of satin, silk or velvet, with one or more ruffles in this style, decorated with ruchings of silk or ribbon, braid, passementerie or fur.

Heavy cloths, in smooth or rough finish, may be used, the double-faced cloths being exceedingly handsome without lining.

To make the cape in the medium size will require two and a half yards of fifty-four-inch material.

A Stylish Autumn Costume.

The stylish costume shown in the large illustration is suited for afternoon or morning wear. The material is castor-colored broadcloth, with chemisette and collar of finely tucked white faille, and the trimming of black braid passementerie is laid over white ribbon. The hat is of brown fancy chenille braid, with castor satin and velvet loops. Small flowers in brown satin and burnt orange are bunched high in front.

The waist is made over fitted linings that close in centre-front, the over-front being cut in heart shape to expose the pretty yoke in front and back. The fronts are corded in groups of three evenly spaced rows, which must be done in the cloth before cutting the pattern. The back is smooth across the shoulders and is drawn to the waist by gathers at the centre. The two-seamed sleeves have the slight fashionable fulness gathered at the top and the wrists are finished by pretty flaring cuffs.

The basque portion is joined to the lower edge of the waist, the seam being hidden by the shaped belt.

Both the basque and the stylish

the waist being laid in deep single plaits at each side. Gathers may be developed to adjust the fulness if so preferred. The sweep at the foot measures four and three-fourths yards.

Almost any style of material can be handsomely developed by this graceful model, and flat trimming of braid, gimp, passementerie or ribbon will decorate stylishly.

To make this skirt for a lady of



LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR GRADUATED FLOUNCE.

medium size will require four and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

For a Drooping Front.

A novelty of the season is a piece of passementerie shaped like a bib. This fastens upon either shoulder and is attached to a belt. It is designed to carry out the idea of the full drooping front.

Princess Dress Popular.

The princess dress is so much liked that it appears again in the finest importations. In many instances the sides and back are in princess with the front in bodice or jacket shape.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

It is estimated that the number of ships to cross the Atlantic Ocean, monthly, is 1000.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Japanese never swear. Their language contains no blasphemous words.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Nearly \$1,250,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Ad.

A fibre of silk one mile long weighs but twelve grains.

Every Action

And every thought requires an expenditure of vitality which must be restored by means of the blood flowing to the brain and other organs. This blood must be pure, rich and nourishing. It is made so by Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the great strength-giving medicine, the cure for weak nerves, that tired feeling and all diseases caused by poor, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 35 cents.

The Population of Palestine.

The promulgation of an order of the Turkish Government restricting immigration into Palestine has led to inquiry as to what is the cause of such a measure. By the census taken previous to the last one—the census of 1856—there were 1,200,000 inhabitants of Palestine, and the population at that time was considered stationary. By the last estimate the population of Palestine was 2,711,000, and this increase was shown in the large cities as well as in the country districts. Ten years ago there were 15,000 residents in Jaffa; to-day there are nearly 60,000. The present population of Damascus is 150,000, and of Jerusalem 41,000. Since the Russian persecutions of the Jews there has been a large immigration into Palestine from Russia, and the increase of population has been further augmented by the agitation of Zionism.—New York Sun.

TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Pat- chogue, New York.

Mrs. BUDD, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."

C. H. KREITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

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